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### Heads of Intelligence.

Our readers will very readily pardon our devoting a page of a Number which we generally appropriate to Literature and the Arts, to put them in possession of the few heads of intelligence which have transpired from the London Journals of April, that have reached this Presidency, extending to the 18th of that month.

An official statement of the revenue for the quarter ending in April 1819, makes it appear that there has been an increase above that of the two preceding years, in the following proportion:

Quarter ending April 1817,.....	£ 9,510,000
Quarter ending April 1818,.....	10,249,000
Quarter ending April 1819,.....	10,482,000

In the Customs for the quarter there is an increase of 115,686/-—in the Excise an increase of 225,073/-—in the Post Office an increase of 19,000/-—in the Stamps, Assessed Taxes, and Land Taxes, a decrease of 130,000/- which, deducted from the increase, leaves an increase in the quarter of 232,708/-.

The account of the total real or declared value of the produce and manufactures of the United Kingdom, exported from Great Britain during each of the three years ending 6th January 1819, is as follows:—

For the year 1817,.....	£ 42,056,256
For the year 1818,.....	43,626,253
For the year 1819,.....	45,903,700

The total official value of foreign and commercial merchandise exported from Great Britain to all parts of the world, is thus given:—

For the year 1817,.....	£ 14,545,964
For the year 1818,.....	11,534,616
For the year 1819,.....	12,287,274

The account of the total value of all articles imported into Great Britain during each of the three years ending the 5th of January 1819, as calculated at the official rates of valuation, gives:—

#### Foreign and Colonial Merchandise.

For the year 1817,.....	£ 26,400,634
For the year 1818,.....	29,962,913
For the year 1819,.....	35,880,983

#### Total value of Imports.

For the year 1817,.....	£ 30,105,565
For the year 1818,.....	33,965,231
For the year 1819,.....	40,157,634

To those who are really interested in the welfare of their country, every indication of its increasing prosperity must be welcome; but in proportion as that interest is real and not affected, will they watch with anxiety the accuracy of such statements, and scrutinize the foundation on which they rest. The very trifling addition (for such it must be called) which the revenue accounts exhibit, and this perhaps helped out by duties paid up in advance, is not a cheering statement, as so constantly assumed; and as to the increased exports and imports of the manufactures of the kingdom and foreign produce, we have before shewn that nothing could be more fallacious than to infer increasing prosperity from this; as, when the causes of it were explained, the fact appeared to be that this boasted symptom of commercial prosperity was an unequivocal proof of commercial decline.

The price of stocks had declined about 2 per cent. since the 1st of March, as we find by a comparison of the prices then given, and those of the 17th of April, when the 3 per cents. were from 72 to 72½, and India Stock at 22/-.

Of Commercial affairs, we gave yesterday some extracts from private Letters of a late date, which placed them in a fair and impartial light, as being the confidential communications of one friend to another. We find these opinions fully borne out by a statement of the London Markets, which appears in a Price Current of the 16th of April, in which it is stated, when speaking of Cotton, that the market had become heavy in consequence of considerable failures at Manchester, and a host of some eminence in London. Surats of good quality brought at private sale from 7½d. to 9½d. and Bengal from 5½ to 6d.; but went off in small quantities at those prices. Sugars were also so heavy of sale, and so declining in price, that holders were most anxious to get them off their hands. The immense importations of every description of foreign produce, in return for the unparalleled exportations of home manufacture, were such as to glut the markets and shut up the capital of the most wealthy individuals in dead stock.

It is worth observing that the march of civilization is so rapid, that not only exports and imports, but every thing else is increasing its scale in England, except, unfortunately, virtue and happiness, in a much greater proportion than the revenue of the kingdom. The history of the last half century will remind every one of the enormous increase of our debt; the statements that have lately been presented to the Houses of Parliament, exhibit a most alarming increase of crimes, and the following official document will exhibit an equally striking increase of litigation:

The following is a return of the total amount of the effects of the suits in the High Court of Chancery, in the years 1756, 1766, 1776, 1786, 1796, 1806, 1816, and 1818, as laid before the House of Commons:—

In the year 1756, .....	£ 2,864,975 16s. 1d.
In the year 1766, .....	4,019,004 19 4
In the year 1776, .....	6,602,239 8 6
In the year 1786, .....	8,848,535 7 11
In the year 1796, .....	14,550,397 2 0
In the year 1806, .....	21,922,754 12 8
In the year 1816, .....	31,953,820 9 5
In the year 1818, .....	33,594,520 0 10

Emigrations to America still continue to a great extent, and prove how severe the pressure must be on the lower orders of people in England to quit that soil, to which so many ties combine to attach them, in search, not of fortune, but of the means of prolonging a precarious existence in a distant and a foreign clime. An English Journal of the 16th of April says on this subject:

"The spirit of emigration from Portsmouth continues unabated. Every packet for Havre conveys numerous passengers destined for America; and not less than 500 Englishmen are supposed to be now at Havre, waiting for a fair wind, many of whom have been there upwards of a month. About 70 persons, chiefly artisans and mechanics, with women and children, amounting in the whole to at least 200, have embarked during last week, intending to proceed from Havre in an American brig belonging to Baltimore, which has been taken up expressly for the purpose. The expences of the voyage are to be defrayed out of a fund which has been accumulating for some time past by a small weekly subscription, and the total charge for each passenger is said to be less than 4/-."

The Hecla and Griper, the vessels we before mentioned as fitting for the second expedition to Davis's Straits, were ready for sea, and were to leave Deptford on the 21st of April for their destination. Among other admirable provisions for the accidents and emergencies that might beset them, it appears, that a newly contrived life-boat, made of cork, had been built by order of the Lords of the

Admiralty, and was to be put on board to accompany the vessels on their voyage. We trust that the result of this expedition will be more favorable than the former.

A paragraph which we gave yesterday regarding the sailing of several vessels from Dublin and Galway, with an expedition under Colonel Eyre, to join the Patriots in South America, proves also that that portion of the New World still continues to drain off the strength and flower of the population of the Old.

Of the *accouchemens* of the Royal Mothers, we gave the details at length yesterday. We have only noticed the additional particulars of the Duchess of Clarence having been severely indisposed after the birth of her infant on the 27th of March until the 5th of April, when she was pronounced to be out of danger, and that this indisposition was so alarming as to prevent the usual public rejoicings on the birth of the child, and to affect the Duke so seriously as to cause him to be indisposed also. It is added that the young Prince born of the Duchess of Cambridge already ranks high in the Irish Peerage, being Earl of Tipperary, the second title of the Royal Duke his father. The King of Rome, and the Field Marshal of Russia were laughed at because they were infants; but one who is born an Earl of Tipperary cannot be considered in the same light.

It is reported that the Duchess de Berri is also again in an interesting condition both to her husband, herself, and the nation, holding out to the latter another hope of a future heir to the crown of France.

Prince Leopold, it would appear, returns to England to reside, from the following paragraph, which is given apparently from authority.—“The paragraph from Vienna in the last Hamburg mail, relative to Prince Leopold, is, we understand, in a very material respect erroneous. It is true that his Royal Highness has purchased a house in the neighbourhood of that city for the sum of 7000L sterling, but not for his own residence, as his Highness certainly returns to England in the course of May. He will reside at Claremont during the summer, and at Marlborough-house, Pall-mall, in the winter. The house which his Highness has purchased at Vienna is not at any season intended for himself, but for his brother, to whom he has made a present of it.”

We mentioned yesterday the accident that had occurred to His Royal Highness the Duke of York, by the breaking of his arm. Further particulars state this to have taken place while the Duke was in attendance on his Royal Parent at Windsor. In retiring from the presence of the King, the Duke was in the act of opening a door in the Castle, when one of his spurs caught the strap at the bottom of his pantaloons, and occasioned him to fall, by which his right arm was fractured. A Surgeon was immediately called in, the arm set, and His Royal Highness soon pronounced to be in a fair way of speedy recovery.

The Earl of Hardwicke was elected, on the 6th April, President of the Board of Agriculture, vice the Earl of Macclesfield, resigned.

On the 6th of April, the election of Governor and Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, for the year ensuing, took place, when George Dorien, Esq. was chosen Governor, and Charles Pole, Esq. Deputy Governor. Twenty-four Directors were chosen on the 7th.

An order was issued at the Bank on the 7th of April, to the office for paying the dividend warrants, to discontinue making any portions of the payments in gold, and to limit the silver specie on each warrant to twenty shillings beyond the odd money.

There is said to be a scheme in contemplation for enabling the Bank to return to cash payments, and, at the same time, to keep the gold in the country, to coin gold pieces, which shall pass in value at one guinea each, but which shall not be worth more than 17s.

The following is given as the annual expence of the transportation of convicts to New South Wales and its dependencies, and of the establishments there.

1816 .....	£216,291 7s 7½d
1817 .....	232,585 9 6½
1818 .....	178,939 19 4½

Dr. Stokoe, who went to England from St. Helena, in consequence of a difference of opinion between him and Sir H. Lowe, as to his duty respecting the reports of conversations had with Buonaparte, was examined by Ministers on the 6th April, and the result has been, that he is immediately to resume his functions at St. Helena.

Our readers will remember the general rumour of disturbances at Chester and Stockport which were brought by the arrivals preceding the last. The Journals of April contain a brief report of the trial of three of the unfortunate men who were leaders in these riots, named Baguley, Drummond, and Johnston. Their trial took place at Chester on the 16th of April, and the indictment which was for unlawfully assembling to disturb the public peace, and endeavouring to stir up the people to the hatred and contempt of the Government, was tried before a Special Jury.

The reports of all cases of this description take their complexion so much from the political character of the Paper in which they appear, that it is not always safe to trust them. In the present instance, however, the prisoners appear to have been led into the most extravagant conduct, and after every allowance for partiality of representation they appear to have fully deserved apprehension and punishment. The following is the substance of the report, as communicated in a Letter from Chester, dated, April 15, 1819, at 7 p. m.

The testimony of the witnesses disclosed one of the most aggravated cases of conspiracy and sedition, that ever claimed the attention of a Jury. The harangues of these mob-operators were made to about 5,000 people, at a place called Sandy Brow, near Stockport, and they had chosen a period when the spinners and weavers were “off” for wages, to forward their insidious and revolutionary schemes. They were mounted on a stage, eight or nine feet high. A man named Harrison was the Chairman; he declared (in his opening speech) the people of England as being run down at the point of Cavalry swords and Castlereagh bayonets; he invited the mob to petition for a redress of their grievances, and if not successful in that way, to obtain their rights by force.—Baguley then stepped forward. He reproached the apathy of the people, eulogized Tom Paine, and abused the Magistrates. He said a National Convention should be formed, modelled from that of France; that the whole country should proceed with petitions to London, that the Delegates should not wait for the tedious forms of the House of Commons, but go directly to the Speaker's chair, and insist on their demands being granted; if they were not attended to, the Convention was then to act, and the existing Government be destroyed!—Johnston said, the men at Derby had been murdered; and that Government had written to the Clergymen of that country, who had packed a Jury to convict them. He added, “Oh that I had a sword large enough to strike off the heads of all tyrants,” and gave the names of Lords Sidmouth and Castlereagh, and Mr. Canning, whom he termed “rascals.”—He observed, he was fearless of consequences, and begged he might be particularly understood, for he would say it fearlessly, that whenever an opportunity offered he would blow out their brains, and he would as soon do so as to get his dinner and a bottle of wine with it. He then recommended the weavers not to go to work at the old wages, and told them if they were not satisfied in their demands, to burn their looms. Sooner than return to work, he said he would rob, and plunder, aye, even murder, and put a pistol to the head, if he died on the gallows.

These are but a very few of the leading features of their speeches. They all acted in concert; and it came out in evidence, that the prisoners were the principal planners of the celebrated blanket expedition.

Mr. Williams addressed the Jury on their behalf in a manly and truly eloquent speech, which in its delivery occupied about two hours and a half.

The Chief Justice summed up in a most impartial and masterly manner. His Lordship observed, the question was entirely one of fact—and he entreated the Jury to dismiss from their minds all prejudice against the prisoners.

The Jury, in less than a minute, found the prisoners—*Guilty*.

The prisoners were respectably dressed, and conducted themselves with great decorum; they consulted each other throughout the trial. It was their intention to have defended their own cause; but a few minutes before the trial commenced, they solicited Mr. Williams, and Mr. D. F. Jones, to become their advocates, and those gentlemen fulfilled the task with great ability.

The latest Paris Papers mention a very singular petition, as presented to the Chamber of Deputies by a retired officer, named Pourree, who requested that he might be allowed to receive his military allowance, together with a pension which had been granted to him as a national reward; this kind of accumulation of pensions having been considered to be contrary to law. The national reward alluded to was granted to him for having, when a grenadier, saved the life of Buonaparte, on the 18th Brumaire, at St.

Cloud. The Committee of petitions reported in favour of this claim, on the ground, that though they had bitter recollections of the latter years of the tyranny of Napoleon, yet, they must still "remember with interest the devotion of a soldier, who, by preserving the life of his commander-in-chief, powerfully contributed to a revolution then ardently desired by all France." After going into the technical part of the question, as to the construction of the law, the report concluded by recommending to refer the petition to the committee of supply. This proposition was agreed to, without, as it appears, a word being said upon the subject by any Member of the Chamber.

Letters from Copenhagen of the 27th March, state, that two English merchants have obtained permission to establish granaries in a Courland, for the purpose of having corn at all times ready to send to England, on the first notice of the ports being at any time open; instead of being obliged, on such occasions, to perform at once the entire voyage from the Baltic.

Another letter says, that the Danish Captain Schumaker, has invented a kind of rockets far superior in force and precision to the Congreve rockets. They ascend to a prodigious height, and form themselves into a globe of fire, which casts a light so brilliant, that it is visible at the distance of seventeen or eighteen German miles.

The beloved Ferdinand, it is said, was to be married on the 11th of April, to a Princess of Sardinia. He has been an inconsolable widower for three months!

An article in the Madras Gazette Extraordinary, received here by the Rose, says,—"It was reported on the arrival of the Carnatic that Lord Cochrane had engaged a Spanish squadron, and had been defeated. This report, however, requires confirmation; as a vessel direct from Lima, it is stated, was spoken by the Greville; and that at the time of her departure His Lordship was still blockading the Port."

Our statement of the aspect of affairs in that quarter, which we gave on the authority of a gentleman recently arrived here from the spot, is still we believe the latest intelligence from thence, and we know that Lord Cochrane then had his squadron in high-order, and was preparing for an attack on the fleet at Callao.

Accounts have been received in England from St. Thomas's, which give a very flattering account of the proceedings of the Independents of the Spanish Main. They are dated the 12th of January, from Orinoco, and state, that Bolivar was at the head of a well-organized army, consisting of 12,000 men, and was preparing to attack Cumana. From the weakness of the position but little resistance was expected.

The following is an extract of a Letter from a respectable house, dated Kingston, Jamaica, Feb. 4:—

"M'Gregor is arrived, in an armed brig, at Aux Cayes, and yesterday Sir Home Popham dispatched his Majesty's ship Iphigenia, Captain Hyde Parker, to reconnoitre his movements."

One of the London Journals of April, brought by the Carnatic, gives the following paragraph as the latest intelligence from the western coast of America, that had reached England:

"Letters have been received from Lima of the middle of November, which mention, that since the port of Callao had been, by command of the Viceroy, opened to British vessels and their cargoes, he had issued express directions that the remaining Spanish force in the Pacific should be employed to pursue and capture all vessels of any nation whatever, which with arms, or ammunition, should attempt to enter any of the ports on that continent which were in a state of insurrection. The immediate object of this new order is, it is said, to promote the advancement of the commerce of Peru, and to consolidate more and more the intimate relations existing with the British nation. The following duties had been imposed on the exportation of territorial produce from Lima:—On silver coin, 1½ per cent Royal duty, and 5½ per cent municipal duty; on gold coin, 1½ per cent. Royal duty, and 2½ per cent. municipal duty; and on produce in general 3 per cent. The Governor had given notice, that if these regulations should not be approved of by the King of Spain, as soon as he should receive the Royal prohibitory order, it would be published for the information of those concerned, to whom would be granted a term of four months to convey themselves out of Peru to any place they might think convenient. A great number of the inhabitants, it is said, had left Lima, and having proceeded to the port of Callao, had embarked on board several British ships trading with that place, in consequence of the agreement signed for that purpose."

## Literature.

*Transactions of the Literary Society of Bombay, with Engravings.*  
London, 1819. 4to. pp. 316.

We took an early opportunity, soon after the arrival of the first copy of this Work in India, to introduce it to the notice of our Readers, prefacing our account of it with some observations on the state of society at Bombay, as having a more decidedly refined character, and being more favorable to the encouragement and production of Works of this nature, than that of this more wealthy, more populous—but we must add, more indolent and less literary metropolis of India.

This Volume of *Transactions*, of which we are speaking, need not our humble eulogium to enhance its value, but from knowing that a very limited number of copies had reached here, and that these were likely to be a long while before they became circulated in the interior, we were desirous of giving to our friends in the country some account of a Work which we ourselves thought highly of, and which does honor to the names of the gentlemen who contributed their portion to it, by the many able and interesting Papers which it contains.

We rejoice to find that we were not singular in this opinion, and that the Book had attracted particular notice in England, where the subjects of which it treats were less likely to interest than here, possessed as they are of many local considerations that must give them an additional value to Indian Readers. In one of the last Numbers of the *Literary Gazette*, a publication devoted to slight notices of the most popular Works only, we find this Volume standing at the head of their Review of New Books; and brief as their preliminary observations are, we are tempted to transcribe them, in order to show that our estimate was not overcharged, nor liable to the imputation of partiality.

When Sir James Mackintosh was at Bombay, it is well known that his eminent talents and love of literature and science contributed, in a great degree, to the establishment of a Society, the first volume of the *Transactions* of which is now offered to the British reader. We may add that this work, transferring so large and interesting a portion of Asiatic research to the knowledge of Europe, as we are assured, indebted to the same enlightened mind for that superintendance which has fitted it for the public eye.

A production so miscellaneous and important is not to be described and dismissed in a single Number of our publication (which is only by its rapidity and frequency of appearance enabled to convey a just idea of such subjects,) and we must therefore rather select one of its heads of valuable contents for our present purpose, than attempt a general analysis. We may premise, however, that the mythology and manners, the poetry, religions, antiquities, climate, annals, and natural history of Asia, are all happily illustrated by the various essays, applied to these topics, which its scope embraces. An admirable Address, delivered by the President (Sir J. Mackintosh) prefaces the scientific part; (1) and in the latter we especially remark an account of the Caves in Salsette, some translations from the Persian and Chinese, description of the celebrated Cave Temple of Elephanta, (2) and other matters, which indeed are of so much merit as to render the mention of any particular contribution invidious.

We have chosen for our first extract a subject which will, we trust, not only gratify our scientific, but also our fair readers:—It

(1) The Address of Sir James Mackintosh was printed by us on the occasion of our first noticing the Work, and will be found in No. 132 of the Calcutta Journal, for Sunday, the 11th of July.

(2) We have before given some account of the Caves of Kenneri, in the Island of Salsette, from Manuscript Memoranda, previous to the appearance of this Work. These of Amboli and Elephanta are still more deserving attention, and we hope, in a few days, to be able to find room to enrich our Journal with an account of these also.

is rarely that we can hope to unite their suffrages; for the latter too often think what pleases the former dry, and in return the former, condemn what delights the latter as trifling. For once let us hope they will agree, since the theme is the *Cornelian*, in which the mineralogist and the beauty are alike interested.

*Account of the Cornelian Mines in the neighbourhood of Baroach; by John Copland, Esq. of the Bombay Medical Establishment.*

Accompanied by one or two others actuated by the same curiosity, I left Baroach (the Bargasa of the ancients, Bhreecoo Khshetra of the Hindoos) on the third of December 1814, about five o'clock P. M. and committed myself to the celebrated and sacred stream Rewa, commonly called Nurbudda, at the turn of the tide. About midnight we arrived at the island of Kubeer Bur, twelve miles N. E. of Baroach.\* At day-break we landed opposite the village of Neemoodra, which is three miles distant from the river, and south of Kubeer Bur, where we found our horses waiting; the mines lie about twelve miles to the eastward of this village. About five miles beyond Neemoodra we came to a rivulet named Kaweree, and although of no importance during the dry season, it becomes a most formidable river in the rains. Its bed consists chiefly of quartz and agate pebbles; among the latter were many varieties: the most uncommon I remarked were of a dark blue colour with white veins. A striated rock, varying from fifty to a hundred feet in height, overhangs the river on the western side for several miles. Its dip towards the south-east might have been 45°. On ascending from the bed of the river, we passed in our left the little village of Rutunpoor, in which resides a thanadar on the part of the Rajpiplee state (whose jurisdiction is only in matters of police, and confined to the district dependent on this village,) and proceeded onward by a narrow footpath through jungle, having rising ground almost the whole way to the mines. The diversity of scenery, —hills and valleys, pebbly beds of rivers, precipitous rocks, and extensive plains covered with jungle,—was sufficiently romantic. On account of the tigers with which the country abounds, no human habitations were found nearer the mines than Rutunpoor, which is seven miles off.

The miners reside at Neemoodra, where alone the stones are burnt. The mines are in the wildest part of the jungle, and are very numerous; they are shafts working perpendicularly downward about four feet wide; the deepest we saw was fifty feet: some extend in a horizontal direction at the bottom, but in consequence of the earliness of the season few had reached a depth sufficient to render this turn necessary, and in those that had, it was not carried many feet. In using the term "earliness of season" it is proper to mention, that the nature of the pits is such as to prevent their being worked a second year on account of the heavy rains, which cause the banks to fall in, so that new ones are opened at the commencement of every fair season. We arrived at the mines about seven o'clock A. M. when none of the workmen had come except one, who accompanied us as a guide from Neemoodra. We were informed that the fire-damp was not uncommon in the mines, and that the miners did not descend till the sun had risen sufficiently to dispel the vapours. We went to the bottom of one pit, about 30 feet deep, without any assistance from ropes or ladders, by means of small niches for the feet and hands on opposite sides of the pit, but understood that the miners always made use of a rope to hold by, of which we could not avail ourselves, as the workmen at the close of their labour carry to their homes the simple instruments of their vocation, together with the stones which the day's labour has acquired. The soil is gravelly, consisting chiefly of quartz sand, reddened by iron, and a little clay.

\* At Kubeer Bur there is a famous tree bearing the same name, which the writer describes as forming long lofty arches and arcades, and covering from three to four acres of ground! Mr. Copland adds: At the time of the high swells at the latter end of the rains the island is overflowed, and the few inhabitants, like so many of the monkey tribe (with whom they mingle,) are compelled to take refuge in the lofty branches of the tree, and remain there for several days until the water subsides, the current being too rapid for a boat to render them relief. The popular tradition among the Hindoos concerning the tree is, that a man of great sanctity, named Kubeer, having cleaned his teeth, as practised in India, with a piece of stick, stuck it into the ground, that it took root and became what it now is. He was afterwards canonized, and his image we saw sitting in a temple near one of the oldest-looking trunks (his metamorphosed tooth-brush.)

The nodules may weigh from a few ounces to two or even three pounds, and lie very close to each other; but for the most part distinct, not in strata, but scattered through the mass, and in the greatest abundance. I saw none of a red colour at the mines; some were blackish olive, like common dark flints, others somewhat lighter; and others lighter still, with a slight milky tinge. The first, our guide informed us, would be black when burnt; the second, red; and the third, white. In this he may have been correct; but I doubt the fact as to the first, which we found in a proportion inconsistent with the well-known rarity of a black cornelian. I confess myself of opinion that there can be no precise rules drawn from the appearance of the stones before, for that which they will assume after burning, because it depends partly on the degree of heat they undergo. A red cornelian by an intense heat will become white; but as far as my observations go, no stone of the former colour is found so in the mines (excepting jaspers,) although a large proportion of them assume it at Neemoodra. Many also after having been burnt show both colours, sometimes distinct and sometimes mixed, and of a pinky hue; while the colour was uniform, or very nearly so, in all which I remarked at the mines. The lightest-coloured stones come out of the fire of a much more delicate and transparent white than before, and often surrounded by a cortex of red, but without any distinct line separating the colours. We were unfortunate in the time of visiting Neemoodra, for all the good stones had been removed, and only a few heaps of refuse left. I saw none imbedded in rock, as flints are in chalk; some nodules on being broken showed a mixture of quartz and agate, and others, in a crust of quartz minutely crystallized on the inner surface, contained a black oxide of iron of a powdery appearance, many pieces of which we found by itself in the gravel. Hematites, chiefly of the brown and green (with red spots) varieties, mocha stones, and jaspers of various colours, are very common here; indeed the last was found in almost every part of the province we visited on our route. Each stone is chipped in the mine to discover its quality, and those which are approved separated from the refuse, heaps of which lay at the mouth of every pit which had been worked.

I shall now attempt to give an account of the mode in which the cornelians undergo the action of fire, as derived from the testimony of a respectable native attached to the audulut at Baroach, who was formerly in the cornelian trade, and had himself superintended the process at Neemoodra; his account is corroborated by our personal observation, and by what we learned on the spot. The stones are brought to this village every evening, spread on the ground, exposed to the sun to prepare them for the further process, and turned every fifteenth day till the time of burning, which is only once a year; one month before the commencement of the monsoon.—They are then put into round earthen pots about fourteen inches in diameter, the bottoms of which having been taken out, and the pots inverted, (mouth downward,) the pieces taken from the bottoms are put inside, and placed over the mouths to prevent the stones falling out: in this state the pots are placed side by side in a trench of indefinite length, but of which the depth and breadth are about two feet, having a layer of five or six inches of dry goat's dung below, and the same above the pots. This is set on fire about 8 o'clock in the evening, all the fuel is consumed before day-break, when the pots are removed from the trench to the open air for the stones to cool, which requires about three hours; after this they are taken out of the pots, piled into heaps, and again chipped for the same purpose as when taken from the mines, and are finally thrown into a pit, where they remain till called for (more to be out of the way of thieves, than as constituting any part of the operation.) From Neemoodra the cornelians are carried to Cambay by the merchants who come from thence, where they are cut and formed into the beautiful and much sought after ornaments peculiar to the place.

I ought to have mentioned that the miners do not forsake a pit on meeting with a spring, but merely change the direction; the water never rising to any great height.†

The Rajpiplee country has long been celebrated among the natives who live in its neighbourhood for the variety of its earth and mineral productions; and is certainly a rich field for the mineralogist and geologist. The native above-mentioned informed me, that about twenty-five years ago slight shocks of earthquakes were felt in the province, but that they were far from being frequent occurrences.‡

† This proves the high situation of the bed, and might lead to some interesting conclusions in geology.

‡ Baroach or Breach is about 250 miles from Bombay.—ED.

## Son of the Morning.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

Sir,

In the late Numbers of your Journal you have admitted some disquisitions respecting the meaning of the passage in Lord Byron's Childe Harold, beginning with "Son of the Morning" which are not to me quite satisfactory. You will pardon me when I say, that it appears to me that if you are right in supposing "Son of the Morning" to be an appellation of Lucifer, you are at the same time incorrect in applying the remainder of the stanza to him.

It strikes me that the passage "Son of the Morning, rise!" is all that is applicable to him, and is an exclamation called forth by the scene and time when the Poet was writing. Of this partiality for sudden exclamations or apostrophes occasioned by the actual circumstances under which they were uttered, we have another instance in the same noble author in the 70th Stanza of the 1st Canto:

"Ask ye, Bœotian shades! the reason why!"

as he himself mentions in the note to this passage, and indeed the whole invocation to Minerva and her city Athens, with which the second Canto opens, is an illustration of what I have advanced.

To me, Sir, and I doubt not to you and your readers of taste, (pardon the apparent vanity) every thing which tends to identify the scene where the Bard wrote, or betray the feelings and circumstances under which he composed any particular passage, is not only interesting but even a source of additional pleasure and peculiar enjoyment. To an enthusiastic mind, wandering among the ruins of temples, ere day had broke, nothing I think can be more natural than to invoke the star or "Son of the Morning" to rise and shed his beams on the surrounding objects, to make them visible to the beings and fellow men whom the author then addresses "Approach you here," &c.

I know not, Sir, whether this explanation will appear more satisfactory to you and your Correspondents than theirs have to me; but should any more worthy be offered, I shall most readily retract my own opinion and subscribe to theirs.

These ideas have been hastily embodied in their present form, and as they have been thrown together without skill, they are offered without arrogance. My reading has not been very extensive in matters of this nature; and riddles, I do not very frequently attempt to solve, being no Oedipus, but, Sir,

Your Obedient Servant,  
DAVUS.

Tirhoot,  
Aug. 10, 1819.

## Himalyah and Nilgherry Mountains.

To the Editor of the Calcutta Journal.

Sir,

A good deal has lately appeared in the Papers concerning the climate of the Nilgherry Mountains, and the subject appears to have excited interest. Perhaps you may deem the accompanying comparative Statement of the climate of one of our Posts on the banks of the Sutlej, worthy of a place in your Journal.

Kotgurh is situated in latitude 31° 18' N and longitude 77° 30' E nearly. The Barometer usually stands at 23° 7' from which we may infer its elevation above the level of the sea to be about 6,600 feet.\* The 2d Nusseeree Battalion was formerly stationed here, but owing to the uncertainty of supplies, was removed to another station. It is however still a Military Post, two Companies being detached from the 1st Nusseeree Battalion stationed at Soobathoo. There is an excellent and roomy house belonging to the Officer commanding there. During the months of December, January, and February, the snow lies from one to three feet deep; and in the hot months, the temperature never rises above 78° the general height is 74°. It is distant about 50 miles in direct line from the plains and situated on the declivity of the Whartoo mountain, which is supposed to be between 10 and 11,000 feet above the level of the sea; there the invalid may enjoy a mean temperature of 53° in the hottest months of the year.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Kotgurh, July 24, 1819.

P. G.

A comparative Statement of the temperature of the Nilgherry Mountains and that of Kotgurh Cantonment, in Latitude 31° 18' N. and Longitude 77° 30' E. as shewn by a Register kept at each place.

TABLE I.

State of the Thermometer on the Nilgherry Mountains, from the 8th to the 25th of May 1819, as appeared in the Calcutta Journal of the 1st of July.

	6 A. M.	8	12	3	6
May 8th,	58	73	71	61	60
9th,	58	60	70½	70	63
10th,	58½	62	70	69½	66
11th,	59½	65	71	71½	66
12th,	59	64	71	71	66
13th,	56	63	74	74	66
14th,	62	66	72	74	69
15th,	60	64	72	64	0
16th,	0	67	72	73	0
17th,	47	69	74	72	66
18th,	54	67	72	0	67
19th,	56	64	72	72	64
20th,	56	64	72	70	65
21st,	54	60	72	66	64
22d,	54	64	72	68	64
23d,	59	64	68	68	64
24th,	57	64	68	70	64
25th,	56	64	0	0	0
26th,	56	68	67	68	64

TABLE II.

State of the Thermometer at Kotgurh, from the 11th to the 31st of May 1819, shewn by a Register kept at that place.

	Sun-rise.	8 or 9 A. M.	10 or 11.	12	2, 3, or 4 P. M.	Sun-set.
May 8th,	0	0	0	0	0	0
9th,	0	0	0	0	0	0
10th,	0	0	0	0	0	0
11th,	58.8	62.2	64.	65.4	67.6	63.6
12th,	57.7	62.3	63.5	64.	62.5	57.8
13th,	48.5	62.	0	64.1	60.6	58.
14th,	47.7	60.6	62.	62.5	63.7	63.
15th,	53.7	62.7	64.4	64.	63.4	61.5
16th,	51.6	63.	0	64.6	65.7	64.9
17th,	56.3	65.4	0	65.7	66.5	65.3
18th,	51.4	0	64.6	65.4	65.8	65.4
19th,	53.7	64.3	0	64.6	64.7	64.3
20th,	51.6	63.6	0	63.8	62.3	61.7
21st,	52.	62.5	0	63.	63.2	61.9
22d,	52.2	61.6	0	62.6	62.	60.2
23d,	46.5	0	61.	61.6	61.	59.8
24th,	44.6	59.5	0	60.2	63.5	63.5
25th,	54.5	0	61.8	62.4	63.8	60.5
26th,	49.	61.2	0	61.7	63.	63.6
27th,	55.9	62.3	0	63.3	65.2	66.
28th,	57.8	65.6	0	66.4	60.4	68.2
29th,	60.3	67.8	0	68.6	70.7	69.9
30th,	60.6	0	69.4	69.5	70.7	70.
31st,	56.3	68.	0	68.4	69.4	69.

Note.—The Thermometer by which the above observations were made, was snug in a room with a westerly aspect, with the exception of those at sun-rise and sun-set, which were taken invariably in the open air.

\* The elevation of the Nilgherry Mountains has been supposed to be much greater than this, although from a consideration of the accompanying Statement, it appears that Kotgurh enjoys the cooler climate. This may be owing partly to the difference of latitude, and partly to the immediate vicinity of the Himalyah. It is worthy of remark, that the gooseberry which is found on those Mountains has not been seen in this quarter at a less elevation than 10,000 feet.

## Fine Arts.

## THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

(From the *Literary Gazette*.)

Thirteen years have now elapsed since this Institution opened its first Exhibition for the display and sale of the works of British artists. Its object was not merely to encourage our rising school artists, but in a particular manner to foster those higher branches of the art, which in a Protestant country enjoy but very partial patronage, and rise far above the sphere in which personal vanity, or commercial enterprise operate as the stimulus and reward of the painter's or the sculptor's genius. We see and feel that this association has done much to promote the Fine Arts, though we are aware that it is impossible to ascertain how great its influence must have been; for it acts perhaps more extensively and efficaciously indirectly than directly in achieving its purposes, and it is in the turn which it gives to fashion, the impression it makes in diffusing public taste, and the emulation to which it excites, far more than to its distinctions and remunerations, that we trace powerful agency.

Yet on a view of the present Gallery, it must be confessed that with regard to the peculiar object of producing improvement in history and poetical subjects, if the efforts made have been crowned with success, at least that success is not apparent within the boundaries of its origin. There is, in short, a very marked paucity of merit in the superior works of the art, and, excepting some Pictures which were at Somerset House last season, scarcely one production belonging to the class alluded to, deserving of much commendation.

Nevertheless the Exhibition is one of great attraction and great talent, as will appear from the strictures which we shall make at our business to offer upon its various features. It will thence be seen, that amid the mediocrity and even inferiority which is naturally to be expected in a place of this kind, where the young, the beginners, are brought forward as well as the more advanced and mature, there is much to do honour to our native Artists, and credit to our national name.

At present we shall confine ourselves to a general notice of the new works which chiefly took our attention, either from their situation, their bulk, their excellence, or their possessing the reverse of the latter quality. At each end of the gallery are large scriptural subjects, which we presume are intended to serve as favourable introductions to the rest, since as they catch the eye first, and do not please it much, the transition to less obvious candidates for approbation, has the advantage of contrast.

Circling the rooms from No. 1, we arrive in succession at the following. 13. China-menders, by D. Wilkie, and one of his least fortunate pictures. 14. Shylock, by J. Jackson, a clever head, but far from being equal to his Prophet of last year. 26. The Return of Louis XVIII. 1814, by E. Bird, a composition of much labour and little effect; neither well coloured nor happily characterized. 48. Playing at Backgammon, by Thomas Cooley, in which the artist seems also to be playing a backward game. 69. A Javanese, by S. Lane, an exceedingly clever portrait; but which together with 81. Mother and Child by Mrs. W. Carpenter, 100. "The Artist's Study" of the catalogue, but in fact a whole length of Mr. West, and one or two other portraits, are complete departures from the rule excluding Portraits from the British Gallery. As we thought this exclusion not only expedient but absolutely necessary, we cannot but regret that any circumstances should have led to the breach of so important a regulation. 72. Manlius buried from the Rock, by W. Etty, is in our opinion the most deserving Picture in the Gallery, taking into consideration the objects of the Institution, and the youth of the Artist, as well as the intrinsic skill and mind which it evinces. 87. Anne Page and Slender, by C. R. Leslie, an admirable little piece, full of humour, and resembling Smirke's exquisite work on the same text of Shakspeare. 92. Magna Charta, by A. W. Devis; a disappointment to us: it was much praised by anticipation, and falls short of the expectation excited, since with parts of much merit, it is altogether feeble, and somewhat stiff and pedantic. 96. A Study from Nature, Cooper, and entirely worthy of him. 143. Falstaff escaping in the Buckbasket, G. S. Newton, an exceedingly clever and well-painted scene. 176. The Fall of Babylon, by J. Martin, an extraordinary composition, displaying great genius accompanied by defective taste, and great execution spattered with blemishes. 182. The Prophet, a study, William Davison, a head of uncommon power and promise for a young painter. 190. The Tired Model, by James Ward, done, we imagine, at a dash, and a disagreeable subject treated in a masterly style. 202. Gil Bias es-

caping with Donna Mercia from the Robber's Cave, by F. P. Stephanoff, of great excellence in its line, and certainly among the principal ornaments of the Gallery, in the class to which it belongs, and which is that most successfully cultivated in this Exhibition. 232. Moliero and his Housekeeper, by A. E. Chalon, a perfect gem for character and beauty. 248. Saint Peter paying tribute, &c. G. Hayter, a work which, though able, will scarcely sustain the author's reputation.

We doubt not but that we have in this hasty sketch omitted many strikingly fine, which, in throwing a *coup d'œil* over a crowded gallery, are likely enough to escape observation. Indeed we are conscious of having passed over some beautiful landscapes, by Hoffland, Fielding, Samuel, Stark, and others, which we have not particularized; some further pieces, by Chalon, Cooper, &c. some by Jones, and some by less known Artists, such as Miss Goldsmith, H. P. Bone, &c. &c. which made a favourable impression on our minds; and all those works which have appeared elsewhere and again enrich a public exhibition, among which are distinguished productions of Stothard, Hilton, Stewardson, Westall, Constable, Collins, Reinagle,—upon none of which do we deem it necessary to remark at present.

## Howard, the Philanthropist.

The following particulars of the death and burial of the benevolent Howard, were received from his two friends, Admiral Mordvin and Admiral Priestman. He had been requested to visit a lady, who was extremely ill, at a considerable distance from Cherson. As he regarded himself as a Physician to the poor only, he did not at first comply; but when her dangerous situation was communicated, he felt it to be his duty to fulfill the wishes that had been expressed to him. When he had seen the lady, and prescribed for her, he expressed a desire to be called in again, if his patient improved; but if she should get worse, he intimated that his attendance would be of no avail. Mr. Howard feared it was quite a hopeless case; however, not long after his return to Cherson, a letter came to hand, informing him the lady was better, and expressing a desire that he would visit her again without delay.

This communication, it was perceived, had been eight days in reaching him, and he resolved to obey its request with the utmost expedition. The rain fell in torrents, and the weather was very cold. A conveyance that was suitable not being ready, and the case being urgent, he journeyed on horseback, exposed to the severities of the elements. He found his patient expiring, which, in addition to the fatigue of his journey, greatly affected him, and produced a fever; or the disease of his patient was communicated to him, which was his own opinion. "Howard returned to Cherson, and the lady died." Admiral Priestman not receiving from the Philanthropist his usual daily visit, went to his house, and found him very ill; and, on enquiring respecting his health, Mr. Howard said,—" his end was approaching very fast—that he had several things to say to his friend—and thanked him for having called." The dying Christian continued: "Death has no terror for me: it is an event I always look to with cheerfulness, if not with pleasure; and, be assured, the subject of it is more grateful to me than any other. I am well aware that I have but a short time to live; my mode of life has rendered it impossible that I should recover from this fever. I have been accustomed, for years, to exist upon vegetables and water, a little bread and a little tea. I have no method of lowering my nourishment, and consequently I must die." No doubt this must be understood as respecting the general course of such things; and not to intimate that his restoration was impossible with God. To his funeral he alluded with composure, and gave instructions about the manner of his burial, even with cheerfulness. "There is a spot," said he, "near the village of Dauphiguy; this would suit me nicely; you know it well, for I have often said that I should like to be buried there: and let me beg of you, as you value your old friend, not to suffer any pomp to be used at my funeral; nor any monument, nor monumental inscription whatsoever, to mark where I am laid; but lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." This spot he urged his friend to secure him immediately; and when he was informed that it was effected, the intelligence afforded him the highest satisfaction.

About five versts from Cherson, by the road to Nicholoeff, the remains of this pious and benevolent man were committed to the earth, in the place he had chosen for his grave.

## Miscellaneous.

**New Novel.**—The forthcoming Novel, *The Metropolis*, by the Author of “Little Hydrogen, or The Devil on Two Sticks in London,” is said to contain Sketches, many hundreds in number, of every person of rank or fashion. It is full of curious Anecdotes, and is the production of a titled Lady of high distinction. We need scarcely add, that the eagerness expressed for its perusal, fully equals the interest such a work must necessarily excite.

**Students.**—So numerous have been the admissions this year at Cambridge, that Trinity College, at this time, numbers on its books no less than nine hundred and ninety-five, and St. John's nine hundred and twenty-five students.

**Discovery of Old Coins.**—As two labourers were digging in a field, for the purpose of plaiting potatoes, at Fontmell, Dorset, at the edge of one of the launchets, about a foot deep, they found an earthen pot, containing a large quantity of silver coins, of the reigns of Edward VI. James I. Charles I. and Elizabeth, with a few of older date, amounting together to several hundreds, which they sold to Mr. E. Barret, silversmith, at Blandford. Many of the coins were in a high state of preservation.

**Curiosities.**—Buckingham-House contains a valuable collection of Cabinet Pictures, by the old masters of the Italian and Flemish schools, and many beautiful Miniatures, of the celebrated English artists, Oliver, Hilliard, and Cooper, it is also rich in curious clocks and chronometers, and some fine antique bronzes, Frogmore, the favourite villa of Her late Majesty, is embellished with many articles of ornamental decoration, particularly painted velvet and japan, the work of the Princess Elizabeth. Here is also the famous ivory bedstead, presented by Mrs. Hastings, and other Oriental curiosities of great rarity and beauty.

**Singular Words.**—What word is that in the English language, to which if you add a syllable, it will make it shorter? *Short* is the word required; to which if you add *er*, it will then be *shorter*. This is a paradox; for the word, by being made actually longer, becomes really *shorter*. And now, *vice-versa*, to contrast with the above, there are two or three words, which, by being made shorter in one sense, become longer in another. *Prague* is a word of one syllable; take away the two first letters, and there will be a word of two syllables remain, by which it appears the *ague* is four-sixths of the plague: we have three other words of this kind, viz *teague*, *league* and *Prague*.

The two longest monosyllables are *strength* and *straight*, and the longest words,

Transmagnificandabundanceability,  
Kilkisvervanascochdorsprackerngotchern,  
Honorficabilitudinitatibusque,  
Technicatholicatomatopatoppidon.

There is a word of five syllables, but take away one, and it becomes no syllable *no—no syllable*.

Two words, wherein the five vowels follow in successive order—*abstemious, facetious*.

Words of five and seven syllables, yet not more than one vowel—*insipidity, visibility, indissolubility*.

*Heroine* is perhaps as peculiar a word as any in our language: the two first letters of it are male, the three first female, the four first a brave man, the whole word a brave woman. It runs thus—*he, her, hero, heroine*.

We have a term for a beggar, which may be divided without the transposition of a single letter, with only the addition of an apostrophe, so as to make a complete simple sentence; and such a sentence as a person of this description may generally address himself withal: the term is *mendicant*, and the sentence arising from its division—*mend I can't*, which most of them may too truly assert.

These words deserve remark: *tartar*; *papa*, and *murmur*, in English, *toto* in Latin, and *berber* in the Turkish language, because they each of them are the same syllable twice repeated.

We have several dissyllable words which read the same backwards as forwards, such as *aga ala*, *lesel*, *refer*, &c. But we have very few which constitute a different word by a reverse reading: there are these *lever*, *ever*, *repel*, *sever*; which read backwards, make *reve*, *rever*, *reves*; and *area*, by dissolving the dipthong, when retrogradely read, will be *area*.

**Literary Shoemakers.**—The fraternity of shoemakers have, unquestionably, given rise to some characters of great worth and gains. The late Mr. Holcroft was originally a shoemaker; and

though he was, unhappily, at the beginning of the French revolution, infected with French principles, yet he was certainly a man of great genius, and, on the whole, a moral writer. His dramatic pieces must rank among the best of these on the English stage. Robert Bloomfield wrote his poem of “The Farmer's Boy,” while employed at this business; and Dr. William Carey, professor of Sanscrit and Bengalee in the College of Fort William, Calcutta, and the able and indefatigable translator of the Scriptures into many of the Eastern languages, was, in early life, a shoemaker in Northamptonshire. Mr. John Struthers, the author of the Poor Man's Sabbath, Peasant's Death, and other poems of merit, still continues to follow the business. The present Mr. Gifford, the translator of Juvenal, and the supposed Editor of the Quarterly Review, spent some of his early days in learning the “craft and mystery” of a shoemaker, as he tells us, in one of the most interesting pieces of autobiography ever penned, and prefixed to his nervous and elegant version of the great Roman satirist.

**A True Story of a Ghost and Conjugal Fidelity.**—Mr. Samuel Fisher, the inventor of the Golden Snuff, was acquainted with a widow lady of excellent character, who resided in Cork. This lady was inconsolable for the death of her husband; the day was spent by her in sighs and incessant lamentations, and her pillow at night was moistened with the tears of her sorrow. Her husband, her dear husband, was the continual theme of her discourse, and she seemed to live for no other object but to recite his praises, and deplore his loss.—One morning, her friend Fisher found her in a state of mental agitation, bordering on distraction.—Her departed love, she said, had appeared to her in the night, and most peremptorily ordered her to enter the vault, where his remains were deposited and have the coffin opened. Mr. Fisher remonstrated with her on the absurdity of the idea; he said, that the intensity of her sorrow had impaired her intellect; that the phantom was the mere creature of her imagination, and begged of her at least to postpone to some future period her intended visit to the corpse of her husband. The lady acquiesced for that time in his request; but the two succeeding mornings, the angry spirit of her spouse stood at her bed-side, and with loud menaces, repeated his command. S. Fisher, therefore, sent to the sexton, and matters being arranged, the weeping widow and her friend attended in the dismal vault; the coffin was opened with much solemnity, and the faithful matron stooped down, and kissed the clay-cold lips of her adored husband.—Having reluctantly parted from the beloved corpse, she spent the remainder of the day in silent anguish. On the succeeding morning Fisher (who intended to sail for England on that day,) called to bid his afflicted friend adieu. The maid servant told him that the lady had not yet arisen. “Tell her to get up,” said Fisher, “I wish to give her a few words of consolation and advice before my departure.” “Ah! Sir,” said the smiling girl, “It would be a pity to disturb the new married couple so early in the morning!” “What new married couple?”—“My mistress Sir, was married last night.”—“Married! impossible! What! the lady who so adored her deceased husband, who was visited nightly by his ghost and who yesterday so fervently kissed his corpse!—surely you jest!”—“Oh! Sir,” said the maid, “my late master, poor man, on his death bed, made my mistress promise, that she would never marry any man after his decease, till he and she should meet again, (which the good man, no doubt, thought would never happen till they met in Heaven); and you know, my dear Sir, you kindly introduced them to each other, face to face, yesterday.—My mistress, Sir, sends you her compliments and thanks, together with this bride cake, to distribute among y our young friends.”

**Portable Gas Lights.**—One of the most difficult problems that remains to be solved in regard to gas light is how to render it portable: but Mr. Moyle, at a meeting of the Cornwall Literary and Philosophical Institution, declared it to be his decided opinion, that human ingenuity will soon discover means to give it as portable a form as candles have at present. In confirmation of this opinion, he exhibited an instrument, resembling a tall candlestick, and which he calls The Portable Gas Lamp. This instrument, he observed, was still imperfect, having only been so far finished on that day as to enable him to show the general effect; he intends, among other improvements, to adapt to it a regulator for producing an equable light. The regulator is equally necessary in large establishments for equalizing the gas; and here Mr. Moyle described Mr. Clegg's ingenious apparatus for effecting this object. He also assigned his reasons for thinking that the scheme for condensing gas in hollow lamp-posts, and carrying it about from house to house in bags, is not likely to succeed: the great number of persons who would be required for the supply of a town in this way would alone suffice to render such a plan abortive.

## Poetry.

Lines Written by a Young Lady in India, to her little Brother in England, on his birth-day, Dec. 29, from Trichinopoly.

The Moon shines bright in Hindooatan,  
Her silver waves are dancing;  
And starry Heav'n looks down on man,  
To wake the mind's romancing;  
The fire-fly sparkles on the tree,  
And Time glides fast and pleasantly;  
But while the Eastern beauties glow,  
My love! my darling! where art thou?  
Oh! thou art in that distant Land  
Where bitter winds are roaring,  
And where the tempest's iron hand  
Hangs o'er a world deploring;  
But yet, with all its storms and tears,  
I love that home of yearly years,  
And think that in her wint'ry morn  
My love, my darling, thou wert born!  
Oh! take, my Brother, take from me  
The love, the wish sincerest,  
For they shall fly across the sea,  
To dwell with thee, my dearest!  
Thou seest again the circling day  
Which led thee on thy mortal way;  
And 'mid its rain, or wind, or snow,  
My love, my darling, blest be thou!  
Oh! thou art in that happy age  
When smiles chase transient sorrow,  
And when Life's light and merry page  
Looks just the same to-morrow.  
Thy fair light hair, thy sparkling eye,  
Ah! could I but behold them by;  
And could I kiss upon my knee,  
My love, my darling, who but thee?  
Thou yet art in thy native land,  
And let that one thought cheer thee;  
And learn to lend a brother's hand  
To those who there dwell near thee.  
Forsake not, and forget not thou,  
The hawthorn hedge, and banks of snow,  
For be the seasons foul or fair,  
My love, my darling, peace is there!

ANNE.

## TO KALIA.

Tho' Kalia, love, thou art afar,  
Whilst Want's drear eye looks on my lot,  
And with the leaden world I war,  
Thy form and worth are not forgot.  
Mid all my woes, one sigh to thee  
Is worth a world of joy beside;  
I'm still the child of minstrelsy,  
And want or care in vain may chide.  
Life has its cares,—it still has bliss,  
But only that which Kalia gives;  
As oft as mem'ry grants the kiss,  
On which alone her Lara lives.  
Tis not, my girl, because to day  
We meet not, that we love the less;  
The hour will come, when we may say,  
How absence adds to happiness!  
Our fates may bid us still to part,  
And wealth impose its severing chain,  
But Love still rules the faithful heart,  
And whispers Hope—"we'll meet again."  
Perhaps, by others' eye impress'd,  
Thy heart may wander far from me,  
But, Kalia, lips by Lara press'd,  
Will tell if thou act faithlessly.  
Yet, lovely girl, I cannot dream  
That pride or wealth could alter thee;  
Whose pow'r but like the moonlight beam,  
Dies as it falls, tho' shiningly.  
And still, tho' Fate may bid us part,  
And wealth impose its severing chain,  
Yet Love, that rules the faithful heart,  
Still whispers Hope—"we'll meet again."

LARA.

## THE HIGHLANDER'S RETURN.

Rise, rise, thou fair Star! from thy home in the wave,  
And enlighten the path of the gentle and brave,  
From the mountain's wild summit, and wild-cover'd fell,  
Oh! riee, and each phantom, each danger, repel.  
Oh! rise, the return of the Heroes to hail;  
For, hark! the glad summons is borne on the gale:  
The pibroch's loud triumph sounds sweet from afar,  
And the bugle's clear echo's return'd by the scar.  
As soft o'er the mountain are pour'd thy pure rays,  
Gay waves the lov'd tartan, the light plumage plays:  
Oh! wait not their march down the wild rocky dell,  
Ere the eye of true love on the lov'd-one may dwell!  
Oh! Star of the North!—where the bright beams are spread,  
Thy chieftains, thy sons, to the battle have fled;  
But ne'er did thy rays shew the field of their shame,  
For bright and unfading, like thee, glows their fame.

E. M.

## SONG.

1

Weep no more for those who fell,  
Freedom's field to save,  
Join honour's proud, heroic swell,  
For hostile nations trembling tell—  
Britain's sons are brave

2

Weep no more, worth cannot die:  
Empress of the sea,  
Raise the hymn of glory high,  
For valour answers from the sky—  
Britain's sons are free.

3

Weep no more, my native isle,  
For blest your sons and you;  
Fill the goblet till it smile—  
British hearts could not beguile—  
Britain's sons are true.

W. R.

## ANACREONTIC.

1

If when the sparkling goblet flows,  
I braid my temples with the rose,  
And, while reflected o'er the brim,  
I see the deepening blushes swim,  
With wilder ecstasies of soul,  
I bid the tide of Bacchus roll,—  
'Tis that the blush that paints the rose,  
A type of thee, my fair, bestows,  
And bath'd within the cup I'd be,  
That glows with love, and glows of thee.

2

If, when retiring to repose,  
Still in my chamber bloom the rose,  
And, twin'd in many a wreathing string,  
O'er all my couch a fragrance fling,  
Which scattering on my fervid breast,  
Soothes me, with opiate charm, to rest;—  
'Tis that the fragrance of the rose  
The breathing of thy lip, bestows;  
And dreams of bliss it wafts to me,  
That breathe of love, and breathe of thee.

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Then come, my loved-one! sweeter rose!  
For whom my restless fancy glows;  
Come—whelm in dearer joys the soul  
Than ever bath'd in flowing bowl;—  
Come, and, in waking kisses, deal  
Such rapture as my dreams reveal;  
And while with mingling soul, I sip  
The balmy fragrance of thy lip,  
More—more than vision'd bliss 'twill be—  
To wake to love, and wake for thee.

J. S. R.